

9/2/70.

EPISCDE FIVE.

Working Title: "DR WHO AND THE MOLE-BORE"

by

Don Houghton.

c/o: Margery Vosper Ltd.,
53a, Shaftesbury Avenue,
London W.1.
Tel: GERRard

EPISODE FIVE.

Working Title: "DR WHO AND THE MOLE-BORE"

CAST:

DR WHO.
LIZ SHAW (II)
BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE STEWART (II)
PROFESSOR ERIC STAHLMAN (II)
GREG SUTTON (II)
PETRA WILLIAMS (II)
UNIT SERGEANT (II)
THE PRIMEORDS
LOUDSPEAKER VOICE.
RADIO VOICE.
THE TECHNICIAN N/S.

EXTRAS:

SOLDIERS, TECHNICIANS AND 'DISASTER'
SQUAD MEN.

* * *

SETS:

CENTRAL CONTROL (II) Could be Composite.
DRILL-HEAD AREA (II)
BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II).

EXTERIORS:

The Complex and General Surroundings.
Outside the Operational Building.

Optional Scenes:

Main Gates of the Complex.
Mole Bore Complex.
Countryside near the Complex.
Empty Street Scene.

EPISODE FIVE.

"DR. AHO AND THE MOLE-BORER"

by

Don Houghton.

OPENING CREDITS AND TITLES.

1. INT. DRILL-HEAD (II).

REPLAY SC 23, EP 4.

THE SCREECHING NOISE IS RISING TO A TERRIBLE PITCH IN HERE. TECHNICIANS WRENCH OFF THEIR EARPHONES AND PUT THEIR HANDS OVER THEIR EARS TO SHUT OUT THE NOISE.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Minus twenty seconds...

THE PIPES SHUDDER EVEN MORE.

SOME OF THE TECHNICIANS BEGIN TO EDGE TOWARDS THE TUNNEL MOUTH.

CUT TO:

2. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

REPLAY SC 24, EP 4.

THE NOISE IS GROWING LOUDER IN HERE, TOO.

STAHLMAN: (TO THE BRIGADIER) What are you waiting for ?

BRIGADIER: That noise... It's deafening...

SUTTON: (ANXIOUSLY) Too much pressure in the Output Pipes !

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Minus ten seconds...

SUTTON: Close down !

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Nine...

PETRA: Too late !

L'SPEAKER: Eight...

STAHLMAN ADVANCES TOWARDS THE BRIGADIER.

STAHLMAN: Give me that gun!

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Seven...

LIZ: Stop him!

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Six...

BUT STAHLMAN IS ALREADY TUGGING AT THE BRIGADIER'S PISTOL.

BRIGADIER: Professor...

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Five...

THE NOISE FROM THE DRILL-HEAD IS LOUDER STILL. PEOPLE IN CENTRAL CONTROL HAVE THEIR EARS COVERED AGAINST THE DIN.

L'SPEAKER: Four...

STAHLMAN WRENCHES THE GUN FROM THE BRIGADIER. HE TAKES IT IN BOTH HANDS, FUMBLING WITH IT, HAMPERED BY THE GLOVES ON HIS HANDS.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Three...

EVERYONE IS TOO CONCERNED WITH THE NOISE TO STOP STAHLMAN. HE MANAGES TO POINT THE GUN AT THE DOCTOR.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Two...

THE DOCTOR EDGES BACK, WAITING FOR THE SHOT.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) One...

STAHLMAN'S GLOVED FINGERS ON THE TRIGGER TIGHTEN.

C.U. ON THE DOCTOR'S ANGUISHED FACE.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Zero! We have...
(CUTS OUT SUDDENLY, AS)

THERE IS AN ERUPTING EXPLOSION FROM THE DRILL-HEAD AREA, DROWNING OUT EVERY OTHER NOISE AND SOUND. A BLAST WAVE THUDS AGAINST EVERYONE. THE DOCTOR, CLOSEST TO THE TUNNEL MOUTH CATCHES THE FULL FORCE OF IT. IT HITS HIS BACK LIKE A SLEDGEHAMMER.

STAHLMAN IS HURLED BACK AND THE PISTOL IS WHIPPED FROM HIS HANDS. IT SKIDS ALONG THE FLOOR.

A GREAT WALL OF SEARING HOT AIR ~~SEE~~ SWEEPS THROUGH THE AREA. THE STEEL DOORS OF THE TUNNEL BUCKLE OUTWARDS. LOOSE EQUIPMENT IS FLUNG ALL OVER THE PLACE.

SOME OF THE STAFF IMMEDIATELY TRY TO STAMPEDE TO THE EXITS - BUT THE GUARDS RECOVER AND BAR THEIR WAY.

ONCE AGAIN THE ALARMS WAIL OUT AND EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLICKER MADLY, MORE INSISTENT, MORE URGENTLY THAN EVER BEFORE.

THAT SCREECHING NOISE SWAMPS OVER EVERYTHING LIKE A GREAT WAVE OF SOUND FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF THE INITIAL SHOCK AND EXPLOSION.

AS STAHLMAN RECOVERS, HE ATTEMPTS TO ORDER PEOPLE BACK TO THEIR POSTS, BUT, FOR THE MOMENT, HIS WORDS ARE COMPLETELY DROWNED BY THE PANDEMONIUM.

MASSIVE STEEL BLAST AND FIRE SHIELDS ARE AUTOMATICALLY LOWERED INTO STRATEGIC POSITIONS. SUTTON, BEARING UP AGAINST THE SURGE OF PANIC AND NOISE, BEGINS TO MARTIAL HIS 'DISASTER' CREW.

NOW EVERYONE IS FAR TOO PREOCCUPIED TO TAKE THE LEAST BIT OF NOTICE OF THE DOCTOR. HE RECOVERS AND GATHERS UP LIZ AND PETRA AND USHERS THEM TO THE FAR END OF CENTRAL CONTROL, OUT OF THE MAIN STREAM OF THE BLAST, STILL BLOWING THROUGH LIKE A HURRICANE

HERE AND THERE ELECTRICAL SPARKS FROM THE PANELS HAVE STARTED WIRES SMOULDERING. THE MORE CONSCIENTIOUS OF THE CREW SMOTHER OUT THE SMOKE BEFORE FIRES CAN START.

THE DOCTOR, STILL IN HIS 'DISASTER' SUIT, LEAVES THE GIRLS AND MOVES OVER TOWARDS SUTTON. ON HIS WAY HE FLIPS OVER THE SWITCH ON THE COMPUTER. THE MACHINE IMMEDIATELY STARTS CHATTERING AWAY. BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR THE DOCTOR TO CONSULT THE INFORMATION IT'S RELAYING. SUFFICIENT FOR HIM TO KNOW IT'S STILL WORKING.

THE FIRST BLAST OF NOISE IS DECREASING AT LEAST PEOPLE CAN HEAR THEMSELVES TALK.

SUTTON: (SHOUTING) Watch out for sparks! If that gas blast ignites - we're finished

THE DOCTOR JOINS HIM. SUTTON IS BUSY GETTING INTO ONE OF THE 'DISASTER' SUITS.

DR WHO: (TO SUTTON) If it was going to ignite it would have happened instantaneously. I don't think it's combustible. Anyway, that's the least of your worries, old son.

SUTTON: As soon as the initial force dies down - I'll see what I can do about capping the bore.

DR WHO: That is going to be your big headache!

SUTTON: Never seen a bore I couldn't cap yet.

DR WHO: There's never been another bore like this one! That thing's over twenty miles deep. You're not messing about with natural gases, you know!

SUTTON POINTS TO THE DRILL-HEAD AREA.

SUTTON: Anyway, the first thing to do is to have a look in there and get the coolant reserve flowing. The biggest danger with a bore that's blown is directly above it - not round the sides.

DR WHO: The heat will still be tremendous.

STAHLMAN PASSES THEM, INTENT ON GETTING TO THE DRILL-HEAD. SUTTON GRABS HIM.

SUTTON: Listen, if you're going in there you'd better put one of these on.

HE HANDS STAHLMAN ANOTHER SUIT.

STAHLMAN: Not necessary...

SUTTON: You'd be shrivelled up like burnt bacon in next to no time, Professor!

RATHER THAN RISK A CONFRONTATION WITH SUTTON AT THIS STAGE, STAHLMAN CLAMBERS INTO THE SUIT.

DR WHO: Somehow I don't think the heat bothers him as much as it does us, Mr Sutton.

STAHLMAN TURNS ON THE DOCTOR FURIOUSLY.

DR WHO: Yes, you really would have pulled that trigger, wouldn't you, Professor. I'm still your greatest threat, aren't I?

SUTTON: What's that supposed to mean?

DR WHO: Ask the worthy Professor.

SUTTON: No time. Let's go and see if we can get into that drill-head.

SUTTON SIGNALS TO THE REST OF HIS 'DISASTER' CREW. STAHLMAN, SUTTON AND THE DOCTOR DON THEIR HEADGEAR.

STAHLMAN DOESN'T WAIT FOR THE OTHER TWO. HE GOES ON AHEAD. SUTTON AND THE DOCTOR FOLLOW ON BEHIND MORE SLOWLY, MORE CAUTIOUSLY.

THE BLAST FROM THE TUNNEL MOUTH HAS EASED STILL MORE, EVEN SO THEY LITERALLY HAVE TO FIGHT THEIR WAY TO THE TUNNEL MOUTH, AS THOUGH THEY WERE STAGGERING THROUGH A HIGH WIND STORM.

~~THE~~ THE 'DISASTER' CREW REMAIN AT THE TUNNEL MOUTH, STANDING BY WITH PORTABLE FIRE SHIELDS AND HAND AXES.

CUT TO:

3. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (II). SAME TIME.

IT'S LIKE A SCENE FROM DANTES' 'INFERNO'. THE HEAT IN THE PLACE IS SUPPLOCATING. ALL THE PIPES FROM THE BORE HEAD HAVE BEEN RIPPED AWAY AND HAVE COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATED, LEAVING JUST THE GREAT GAPING HOLE OF THE SHAFT. FROM IT THERE RISES A MASSIVE, FOUNTAINING SHAFT OF WHITE HOT GASES, WHICH VAPOURISE ANYTHING THAT COMES INTO CONTACT WITH IT. ABOVE THE HOLE THE CONCRETE CEILING HAS BEEN ALMOST TORN OFF. THE EDGES OF THE BORE ARE GLEAMING WITH THE HEAT AND SPILLING OVER THE LIP IS THAT THICK, EVIL, BUBBLING SUBSTANCE - GRADUALLY SPREADING OVER THE FLOOR. SWIRLS OF VAPOUR EDDY ABOUT, CLINGING TO EVERYTHING. EQUIPMENT IS SMASHED AND SHATTERED.

IN A CORNER SOME OF THE TECHNICIANS HAVE BEEN TRAPPED. THEY HUDDLE TOGETHER, TEMPORARILY SHIELDED BY AN ANTI BLAST SCREEN OR A PROTRUDING CORNER OF THE WALL FARTHEST FROM THE HOLE. THEY WATCH FEARFULLY AS THE LIQUID CREEPS CLOSER TO THEM.

STAHLMAN ENTERS. HE MOVES SLOWLY TOWARDS THE BORE AND STOPS SOME FEET FROM IT. THEN HE LIFTS HIS ARMS IN A GESTURE OF SUPPLICATION. HE COMPLETELY IGNORES THE TRAPPED TECHNICIANS AND EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE PLACE. IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH HE WAS PERFORMING AN ACT OF WORSHIP TO THE HEAT AND THE WHITE HOT GASES SCREECHING UPWARDS.

SUTTON AND THE DOCTOR ENTER. THE DOCTOR STARES AT THE FIGURE OF STAHLMAN. BUT SUTTON MOVES, AS QUICKLY AS HIS SUIT WILL ALLOW HIM, TO THE COOLANT PIPE RINGING THE BORE.

THEN THE DOCTOR SPOTS THE TRAPPED TECHNICIANS. HE SEARCHES FOR SOME WAY TO GET TO THEM - BUT EACH TIME HE MOVES ANYWHERE NEAR THE BORE HE IS DRIVEN BACK BY THE HEAT AND THE FORCE BEING GENERATED. FINALLY THE DOCTOR MOVES OVER TO GIVE SUTTON A HAND. SUTTON POINTS TO A STOPCOCK ON THE PIPE AND INDICATES THAT HE'S GOING TO TURN IT ON. THE DOCTOR MIMES THE ACTION OF LIQUID (THE COOLANT) FLOODING OVER THE WHOLE AREA. SUTTON NODS. THE DOCTOR SHRUGS AND STANDS BY TO LEND ANY ASSISTANCE HE CAN.

SUTTON GRIPS THE WHEEL OF THE STOPCOCK - BUT THE HEAT HAS SIEZED IT UP. HE POINTS TO A TIN OF BLACK SILICONE PASTE STANDING NEARBY. THE DOCTOR FETCHES IT TO HIM AND SUTTON SMEARS THE STUFF ROUND THE BASE OF THE STOPCOCK'S AXLE, HOPING THIS WILL FREE IT. HE TUGS AT THE WHEEL AGAIN. IT GIVES JUST A FRACTION - BUT THAT'S ABOUT AS FAR AS IT'S EVER GOING TO MOVE.

SUDDENLY THE DOCTOR LOOKS UP. TOWER BEHIND SUTTON IS THE FIGURE OF STAHLMAN - AND IN HIS RAISED HAND IS A PIECE OF TWISTED PIPING. JUST AS HE'S ABOUT TO BRING IT CRASHING DOWN ON SUTTON'S HELMET - THE DOCTOR PUSHES SUTTON. EVEN SO, THE PIPE HITS HIM ACROSS THE SIDE OF HIS HELMET AND SENDS HIM SPRAWLING.

NOW STAHLMAN TURNS HIS ATTENTION ON THE DOCTOR. HE RAISES THE PIPE AGAIN AND RUSHES AT HIM. THE DOCTOR TWISTS OUT OF THE WAY, HAMPERED AS HE IS BY THE CUMBERSOME SUIT. AS STAHLMAN SWEEPS PAST HIM, THE DOCTOR TAKES A HANDFUL OF THAT BLACK SILICONE PASTE - AND SMEARS IT OVER THE VIZOR OF STAHLMAN'S HEADGEAR, BLACKING OUT THE LATTER'S VIEW COMPLETELY.

WHILST STAHLMAN CLAWS AT THE THICK PASTE, THE DOCTOR HURRIES OVER TO SUTTON, WHOSE BODY LIES SPREADEAGLED ON THE FLOOR, PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO THAT CREEPING, BUBBLING MASS OF EVIL LIQUID.

THE DOCTOR QUICKLY DRAGS SUTTON AWAY FROM THE DANGER - AND TOWARDS THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF THE TUNNEL MOUTH.

CUT TO:

4. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

SOME OF THE TECHNICIANS HAVE DESERTED THE CONTROL AREA. THE NUMBER OF STAFF REMAINING HAS THINNED OUT CONSIDERABLY, ALTHOUGH LIZ, PETRA AND THE BRIGADIER ARE STILL THERE, OF COURSE.

THE DOCTOR APPEARS AT THE TUNNEL MOUTH, DRAGGING SUTTON'S LIMP FIGURE. SOME OF THE 'DISASTER' CREW HURRY FORWARD AND PULL THEM BOTH TO SAFETY.

AS SOON AS HIS HELMET IS TAKEN OFF, SUTTON QUICKLY BEGINS TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS. THE DOCTOR TAKES OFF HIS OWN HEADGEAR. LIZ, PETRA AND THE BRIGADIER HURRY OVER.

SUTTON: What the blazes hit me ?

DR WHO: A piece of piping - held by Stalman.

SUTTON: Now why on earth would he want to do a thing like that ?

PETRA: Is the Professor still in there ?

DR WHO: Yes.

PETRA: Why didn't he come out with you ?

DR WHO: This may sound a bit silly - but I rather think he likes it in there.

SUTTON CLAMBERS TO HIS FEET.

BRIGADIER: This is no time to be facetious...

DR WHO: I assure you I am not being facetious!

SUTTON: Anyway, the main coolant valve has seized up. I can't flood the drill-head area. And I didn't have much time to do anything else - before I was clobbered.

THE BRIGADIER LOOKS AT THE DOCTOR SUSPICIOUSLY.

BRIGADIER: Did you actually see who hit you ?

DR WHO: Now just a minute ! For your information - it was I who dragged Mr Sutton out of there ! If it had been me who clocked him I'd've left him in there, wouldn't I ?

PETRA: We must get the Professor out !

SUTTON: The temperature in there is sky high, Petra. Anyway, it's not only Stahlman.

BRIGADIER: What do you mean ?

DR WHO: There are also some technicians - trapped.

PETRA: Well, we must make some attempt to rescue them.

SUTTON TURNS TO HIS 'DISASTER' CREW.

SUTTON: Any volunteers ?

THE MEN LOOK OVER TO THE TUNNEL MOUTH. THEN, ONE BY ONE, THEY MOVE HESITANTLY TOWARDS IT - AND GO INSIDE.

SUTTON: I'll go back in after I've had a breather.

DR WHO: The temperature is rising all the time. It'll be too hot for anyone in there soon - with or without these fancy suits.

SUTTON: Yes, it was uncomfortably hot - even in this.

BRIGADIER: Are you going to be able to cap the shaft, Sutton ?

THE DOCTOR GRUNTS LOUDLY.

SUTTON: If I could rig some sort of dome over it...

DR WHO: Not a hope. The gases streaming up that bore are white hot - and believe me they'll get hotter still. They'd vapourise anything that came into contact with them.

SUTTON: Maybe it'll blow itself out. Then, after it cools down...

THE 'DISASTER' CREW COME STAGGERING OUT OF THE TUNNEL MOUTH. THEIR SUITS ARE SCORCHED. ONE MAN HAS COLLAPSED AND IS BEING SUPPORTED BY THE OTHERS. THE LEADER OF THE GROUP TURNS TO SUTTON, TAKES OFF HIS HEADGEAR AND SHAKES HIS HEAD SLOWLY.

A PAUSE.

DR WHO: (EVENLY) Do you think it is going to cool down ?

PETRA: We can't just leave these people in there...

SUTTON: (GENTLY) They're beyond any help now. They must all be dead, Petra.

PETRA: (HUSHED) Including the Professor?

SUTTON NODS.

CUT TO:

5. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (II). SAME TIME.

AS THOUGH TO BELIEVE SUTTON'S WORDS WE SEE STAHLMAN TRAMPING THROUGH THAT HORRIBLE, FROTHING LIQUID, MAKING TOWARDS THE TRAPPED TECHNICIANS, WHO BY NOW, ARE COVERED IN THE STUFF. ALL THE EXPOSED SURFACES OF THEIR SKIN ARE STAINED BRILLIANT GREEN...

CUT BACK TO:

6. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

THE DISASTER CREW AND A FEW OF THE REMAINING TECHNICIANS ARE ERECTING MORE FIRE AND BLAST SHIELDS OVER THE TUNNEL MOUTH, SEALING IT OFF.

THE NOISE AND THE WIND-BLAST HAVE DIED DOWN - BUT THE TEMPERATURE IN CENTRAL CONTROL IS RISING ALARMINGLY.

PETRA IS STARING UP AT A TEMPERATURE GAUGE ON THE WALL. IT SHOWS THE TEMPERATURE INSIDE CENTRAL CONTROL TO BE ABOVE THE 90° F MARK. ANOTHER GAUGE RELAYING THE TEMPERATURE INSIDE THE DRILL-HEAD HAS ITS POINTER RIGHT OFF THE DIAL, SHOWING THE READING IN THERE TO BE ABOVE 150° F.

THE BRIGADIER JOINS HER AND LOOKS UP AT THE DIALS.

BRIGADIER: I think you'd better get through to the Ministry. Tell them what's happened. Tell them about - Professor Stahlman.

PETRA NODS AND MOVES AWAY TO A WALL PHONE.

THE DOCTOR IS OVER AT THE COMPUTER, WHICH IS STILL FUNCTIONING, EVEN THOUGH OTHER SYSTEMS IN CENTRAL CONTROL ARE BEGINNING TO PACK UP. LIZ JOINS HIM.

LIZ: What does it say?

DR WHO: Very little now, I'm afraid.

SUTTON JOINS THEM.

SUTTON: Well?

DR WHO: The situation is beyond the scope of this ~~punk~~ computer.

SUTTON: It must tell you something.

DR WHO: Little more than I had already guessed.

SUTTON: Okay, so let's have some ~~answers~~ answers.

DR WHO: From me ? Technically, I'm still under arrest.

SUTTON: Well, you can forget all that malarky.

DR WHO: Anyway, I doubt if you'd like the answers I'd give you.

THE DOCTOR GAZES AROUND CENTRAL CONTROL.

DR WHO: I wonder just how thick these walls are?

SUTTON: Thick enough. I've seen the construction plans. Those walls would stand up against an atomic blast. Ferrous concrete, steel plating, asbestos panelling - the lot.

DR WHO: My dear fellow, an atomic blast would be like a gentle puff of summer wind in comparison to the forces now unleashed.

AND THE DOCTOR MOVES AWAY TO SEE IF ANY OF THE DIALS AND GAUGES ABOUT THE PLACE ARE STILL WORKING.

CUT TO:

TK 1. The Complex and General Surroundings. Day.

This should be a process, matt and overlay, W.A. shot, showing the Complex buildings. Fountaining up from the centre is the stream of white hot gases, mushrooming into the sky above. The air surrounding it is beginning to take on a pinkish glow.

Mix to:

7. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). ^{LATER} ~~RECEIVING~~

PETRA IS AT THE COMPUTER, TRYING TO TRANSCRIBE THE INFORMATION IT IS STILL RELAYING.

SUTTON IS OVER BY THE BLAST SHIELDS COVERING THE TUNNEL MOUTH, TALKING QUIETLY TO THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF HIS 'DISASTER' CREW.

THE DOCTOR IS STARING AT A DEFUNCT PANEL, DEEP IN THOUGHT.

ONE OR TWO OF THE TECHNICIANS ARE BACK AT THEIR POSTS, BUT THERE IS LITTLE THEY CAN DO. ONE BY ONE THE SYSTEMS HAVE CLOSED DOWN AND SIGNAL LIGHTS ARE FLICKERING OUT.

THE HEAT IS INTENSE. EVERYONE IS SWEATING PROFUSELY. THE MEN ARE IN SHIRT SLEEVES.

TWO SENTRYS REMAIN ON GUARD JUST INSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE, RIFLES AT THE READY. THEY SPRING TO ATTENTION AS LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER COME IN.

SUTTON BREAKS AWAY FROM HIS CREW AND HURRIES TOWARDS THEM.

SUTTON: What's the situation like outside ?

BRIGADIER: Most of the technicians and staff have just packed up and left. More than half my Security guards have deserted.

SUTTON: Maybe they're the sensible ones.

LIZ: There's a strange, pinkish glow over the Complex.

BRIGADIER: Temperature in the immediate vicinity is rising. And there's a great gusher of gases streaming upwards from the drill-head area.

CUT AWAY TO PETRA. SHE WATCHES AS THE COMPUTER FALTERS AND FINALLY STOPS. AS IT FALLS SILENT SHE FLICKS OFF A COUPLE OF SWITCHES AND THEN MOVES OVER TO LIZ, SUTTON AND THE BRIGADIER.

PETRA: Computer's broken down.

SUTTON: And the rest of the systems are following suit.

BRIGADIER: (TO PETRA) What was the last news from London ?

PETRA: Massive seismic disturbances throughout the country. Earth tremors registered in the Midlands and as far north as Leeds. They blame us for them. The Ministry has ordered the bore to be capped.

SUTTON: (GRUNTS) Oh, that's great, isn't it?

PETRA: They've ordered the immediate evacuation of this area - except for essential personnel. The Brigadier is to assume executive control. I am in technical charge. That's all.

SUTTON: In other words they're abandoning us.

PETRA: You could say that. They believe the emergency will eventually pass over.

SUTTON NODS TOWARDS THE DOCTOR.

SUTTON: He doesn't seem to think so.

BRIGADIER: Who cares what he thinks!

LIZ: (QUIETLY) I do.

BRIGADIER: What?

LIZ: It seems to me he talks a lot of sense.

SUTTON: I go along with that.

BRIGADIER: He has no authority here...

SUTTON: Oh, what's that got to do with anything? We need all the help we can get.

PETRA: (RELUCTANTLY) He's obviously a scientist of some sort. And a talented one. He was analysing the computer readings on sight. I've never seen anyone else do that.

SUTTON: I don't care who he is - I think we ought to listen to what he has to say.

LIZ MOVES AWAY FROM THE GROUP AND GOES OVER TO THE DOCTOR, WHO'S STILL DEEP IN THOUGHT.

LIZ: We're discussing the situation - Doctor - and we'd like your opinion.

THE DOCTOR STARTS - THEN LOOKS UP AT LIZ.

DR WHO: I beg your pardon?

LIZ: Would you join us?

HE AND LIZ RETURN TO THE GROUP.

BRIGADIER: (TO THE DOCTOR, STUFFILY) If you have anything to offer...

SUTTON: (CUTS IN) Those answers I asked you for - the ones you said we wouldn't like...

DR WHO: You want to hear them now ?

LIZ: Yes.

SUTTON AND PETRA NOD THEIR AGREEMENT.

DR WHO: I warned, right from the very outset, that this whole project was too dangerous.

BRIGADIER: Warned who ?

DR WHO: The authorities.

BRIGADIER: (CYNICALLY) In that 'other' world, that other dimension you keep speaking of ?

DR WHO: Yes.

THE BRIGADIER GRUNTS HIS DISBELIEF.

DR WHO: The Earth's core is composed of massive pressures, forces and energies - things that even the computer could not measure accurately. That meant you were dealing with unknown quantities - forces beyond the realm of your imagination. Pressures that have remained hidden and sealed away since long before the Ice Age.

PETRA: Heat and gases...

DR WHO: No ! Not just heat and gases. That's where your first presumption became your first mistake. I spoke of forces - I meant primordial forces. That's what you've unleashed

SUTTON: Okay, so if we eventually cap the bore...

DR WHO: You can't do that. You will find there is no known substance on this Earth strong enough to withstand those incredible pressures.

SUTTON: So what do we do ?

DR WHO: Nothing.

PETRA: Nothing ?

DR WHO: There's nothing you can do. You reached the point of no return when that drill-bit finally penetrated the Earth's outer crust. This is not just a localised disaster.

PAUSE.

SUTTON: Go on.

DR WHO: Are you sure you want me to ?

LIZ: We have to know.

DR WHO: The incredible heat coming out of that bore-hole will eventually displace this Earth's temperate atmosphere. The climate will gradually become too hot to sustain living matter. The heat and the pressures will continue to build up until, finally, the Earth will dissolve into a fury of expanding gases - reverting back to its original state - just as it was millions of years ago. The process of life, of evolution, of creation - is being reversed.

THERE IS A TENSE SILENCE.

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) You said you wanted to know.

LIZ: (TAUT) How long have we got ?

DR WHO: Maybe a few weeks, maybe even two months - but no longer.

SUTTON: Then - Doomsday, huh ? We just sit back and wait for it.

THE DOCTOR FROWNS AND AVERTS HIS EYES.

LIZ: There's something more.

SUTTON: Isn't that enough ?

LIZ: No. There's something more he's not telling us.

PETRA: Please - Doctor.

DR WHO: (SLOWLY) I'm afraid you can't 'sit back and wait for it'.

SUTTON: What do you mean ?

DR WHO: It's not just heat and pressure you've released. I mentioned - primordial forces.

BRIGADIER: What's that supposed to mean ?

DR WHO: Remember the soldier who went berserk ? That Rigger, Harry Slocum ? And the technician - who's still loose somewhere ?

BRIGADIER: Mental breakdowns...

DR WHO: No.

PETRA: Some sort of infection...

DR WHO: No, a degeneration process. Their whole mental and physical make-up was degenerating - on a massive scale. It was happening to Stahlman, too. The spores, the contagion is carried in that fluid you found in the Output pipe. That's the life's blood of the core of this planet. The drill-head is full of the stuff now. It's like an open wound.

BRIGADIER: (TO THE OTHERS) I'm sorry, I can't accept all this. It's some crazy fantasy he's thought up. Something to put us off balance. I need some sort of proof. All this mumbo jumbo...

SUDDENLY HIS WORDS ARE CUT OFF BY A COMMOTION OVER AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE. THEY ALL TURN TO LOOK.

THE INFECTED TECHNICIAN, HALF PRIME-ORD, HALF MAN, HAS CRASHED HIS WAY IN. THE TWO SENTRIES AT THE DOOR RECOIL IN HORROR. THE TECHNICIAN STAGGERS FORWARD, INTENT ON GETTING TO THE DRILL-HEAD.

DR WHO: There's your proof, Brigadier!

BRIGADIER: It - it's the technician...

DR WHO: It was.

BRIGADIER: What's happened to him?

DR WHO: A metamorphic change is taking place. The degeneration cycle is halfway complete.

THE TECHNICIAN SCREECHES IN FURY. HE ADVANCES TOWARDS THE GROUP.

THE BRIGADIER FUMBLES FOR HIS PISTOL. BUT HIS HOLSTER IS EMPTY.

DR WHO: Whatever you do - don't touch him!

BRIGADIER: My gun!

SUTTON: It's on the floor somewhere!

BRIGADIER: (SHOUTS) Guards!

BUT NOW CENTRAL CONTROL IS EMPTY, SAVE FOR LIZ, PETRA, SUTTON, THE BRIGADIER AND THE DOCTOR. THE FEW REMAINING TECHNICIANS AND THE SENTRY HAVE ESCAPED AND FLED AT THE SIGHT OF THE CREATURE.

SUTTON: They've all gone! Find the gun!

DESPERATELY THEY SEARCH THE FLOOR LOOKING FOR THE PISTOL.

DR WHO: He's more interested in getting to the drill-head than he is in us.

BUT PETRA HAS BECOME PARALYSED WITH FEAR, SHE STANDS RIGHT IN ITS PATH - UNABLE TO MOVE.

SUTTON: Petra!

HE RUNS FORWARD AND DRAGS HER AWAY FROM THE DANGER - BUT AS THEY TURN THEY TRIP AND FALL. THE CREATURE SHRIEKS AT THEM AND PREPARES TO ATTACK. SUTTON SHIELDS PETRA WITH HIS BODY.

AT THAT MOMENT THE BRIGADIER FINDS HIS PISTOL ON THE FLOOR. HE BENDS DOWN, PICKS IT UP, TURNS AND FIRES AT THE CREATURE, ALL IN ONE MOVEMENT. THE TECHNICIAN SCREECHES IT'S FURY AND RECOILS. THE BRIGADIER PUMPS THREE OR FOUR MORE SHOTS INTO IT. SLOWLY IT COLLAPSES AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR - WITHIN INCHES OF PETRA AND SUTTON.

WHILST ALL THIS WAS GOING ON THE DOCTOR HAD GRABBED A FIRE EXTINGUISHER FROM THE WALL. HE HOLDS IT READY IN CASE THE BULLETS HAVEN'T FINISHED OFF THE CREATURE. BUT THE THING LIES MOTIONLESS. CAUTIOUSLY THE DOCTOR ADVANCES TO EXAMINE IT.

DR WHO: There you are.

BRIGADIER: I - I can't believe it...

LIZ: (AGHAST) Primordial... You said Primordial...

DR WHO: To be specific - a Primeord. Well, half a Primeord. As I said, the process is only half complete.

SUTTON AND PETRA HAVE GOT TO THEIR FEET. THEY STARE AT THE THING ON THE FLOOR.

PETRA: Horrible...

SUTTON: That's all the proof I need! No sense in us hanging around here any longer.

BRIGADIER: Are you deserting, too?

SUTTON: 'Evacuating' is the word, Brigadier. If I've only got a little time left to live - I want to spend it as far away from this place as I can get!

BRIGADIER: We've had no orders to evacuate.

LIZ MOVES OVER TO THE NEAREST WALL PHONE.

SUTTON: Nobody but us knows what the real situation is!

BRIGADIER: And you want to tell the world what's going to happen? You want to spread panic and disorder, Sutton?

IN THE B.G. LIZ IS JIGGLING THE PHONE RECIEVER.

SUTTON: (HOTLY) People have a right to know!

DR WHO: Gentlemen, please. There's no sense in arguing. Save your energy.

SUTTON: For what? We're all doomed, aren't we? We're all under sentence of death - every man, woman and child on this planet.

LIZ COMES BACK FROM THE PHONE.

LIZ: We've lost contact with London. The direct line's out.

SUTTON: So what are we waiting for?

PETRA: We must wait - just a little while longer. Someone must remain here. The authorities will get word to us.

SUTTON SHRUGS.

THEN THE SERGEANT COMES RUSHING IN TO CENTRAL CONTROL, BREATHLESSLY. HE GOES STRAIGHT TO THE BRIGADIER.

BRIGADIER: Sergeant?

THE SERGEANT SALUTES.

SERGEANT: I'm sorry, sir, but most of the men have deserted their posts.

BRIGADIER: All of them?

SERGEANT: No, I've managed to round up a small squad. I've got them standing by outside.

BRIGADIER: Alright, Sergeant. Return to them and await orders.

THE SERGEANT IS STARING AT THE DOCTOR.

SERGEANT: That's the prisoner...

BRIGADIER: Yes, I know.

SERGEANT: But...

BRIGADIER: It's alright, Sergeant.

THEN THE SERGEANT STARES AT THE TECHNICIANS BODY ON THE FLOOR.

BRIGADIER: (FIRMLY) That will be all.

THE SERGEANT SALUTES AGAIN AND EXITS.

LIZ: Well, we're not completely alone, are we ?

BRIGADIER: There's a radio in my office. I think we'd better find out what's happening in the outside world.

THE BRIGADIER, LIZ AND THE DOCTOR MOVE OUT TOWARDS THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE.

PETRA MOVES AWAY TO ONE OF THE ELECTRONIC PANELS. SHE BUSIES HERSELF CHECKING THE DIALS. SUTTON MOVES OVER TO HER.

SUTTON: (GENTLY) Petra, it's no use. It's all over.

PETRA: (HUSHED) It can't be. We all worked so hard on this project. All the years of research...

SUTTON: ...just weren't enough.

PETRA: Do you think that man - that Doctor - really knows, Greg ?

SUTTON: Yes, I'm sure he does.

PETRA: We've still got some power coming through from the nuclear reactor...

SUTTON: What good can it do ?

PETRA: (SHRUGS) People have wondered since the beginning of time, how it was all going to end.

SUTTON: And now we know.

HE MOVES A FRACTION CLOSER TO HER.

CUT TO:

TK 2. Outside the Operational Building (II). Day.

Four or five SOLDIERS are standing in a group just outside the main entrance. They look ill at ease, ready to make a bolt for it at any moment.

But the SERGEANT comes out - and glares at them. They shuffle into some sort of order.

Cut to:

----- (OPTIONAL SCENES) -----

N.B: The following TK scenes may be difficult and expensive to do - nevertheless, they are included here as a guide to what is needed, ideally. In a story such as this there is, inevitably, a feeling of 'claustrophobia' - these scenes help to expand and lift the story out of its immediate, restraining confines.

Main Gates of the Complex (II). Day.

Technicians and soldiers stream away from the Complex, hurrying through the main gates. Perhaps a lorry or two, crammed with people, drive quickly out.

Cut to:

Mole Bore Complex (II). Day.

If possible a matt, overlay or process shot of the complex with that enormous gusher of white, hot gas blasting upwards from behind the Operational Building. Above the jet the pinkish hue has turned to an angry red glow in the sky.

Cut to:

Countryside near the Complex (II). Day.

Another matt or process overlay. This time of some civilians watching the spume of smoke and vapour - and the glow above it on the horizon.

Cut to:

Empty Street Scene (II). Day.

A small group of people looking up at a thermometer (probably an advertising sign) on a building, the temperature soared above the 90° mark.

Beyond the building we can see the glow.

Cut to:

3. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II), LATER.

LIZ, THE DOCTOR AND THE BRIGADIER ARE GROUPED AROUND A SMALL RADIO SET, LISTENING TO A NEWS BROADCAST. THERE IS A LOT OF STATIC INTERFERENCE.

RADIO VOICE: (V.O.) ...Fresh Earth tremors and massive seismic disturbances are now being reported from as far away as Leningrad, Cape Town and Rio de Janeiro. In London the Minister of Energy and Resources has made a statement about the disaster at the Mole-Bore Project in Eastchester. He said that the entire operation had now been abandoned and that the area, within a radius of twenty miles, is being evacuated. There can be no doubt now that the wave of Earth tremors and quakes are, in some way, connected with the penetration of the Earth's Outer Crust...

THE STATIC COVERS THE RADIO VOICE.
THE BRIGADIER SWITCHES OFF.

BRIGADIER: Sutton was right - there's no sense in us hanging around here any longer.

LIZ: Doctor, that incredible story you told us - about that 'other' world...

DR WHO: The other dimension ?

LIZ: Yes.

DR WHO: You're ready to believe that, too?

LIZ: Why not ? Everything else you've told us has been true. (BEAT) How did you make this fantastic journey ?

DR WHO: By a machine.

LIZ: Where is it ?

DR WHO: In a hut - on the other side of the Complex.

LIZ: Could you get it working again ?

BRIGADIER: What are you driving at ?

LIZ: Could you get back, Doctor ? Back from where you came from ?

DR WHO: I might be able to activate it again - if I could find a strong enough power source.

LIZ: And you could warn those - those other people about the dangers of their Mole-Bore ?

DR WHO: Maybe - if they would listen to me. You didn't.

LIZ: You'd have to make them believe you - before it's too late.

DR WHO: It may already be too late. They were well advanced when I left. It's impossible to know how much time has passed.

LIZ: But at least you could try.

DR WHO: Yes.

LIZ: And we could help.

DR WHO: But I couldn't take any of you back with me. That would create a paradox. It would be impossible.

BRIGADIER: Impossible ?

DR WHO: You see, you already exist in that other dimension. You're already there - subtly different in many ways, perhaps, but basically the same. I couldn't bring back a group of duplicate people. It would be like confronting someone with their own physical and mental alter egos. It's an enigma, a paradox, you understand. Totally impossible.

LIZ: It would be enough to get you back Doctor.

SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND PETRA RUSHES IN.

PETRA: (EXCITEDLY) Come quickly !

BRIGADIER: What's happened ?

PETRA: The Professor is alive !

BRIGADIER: Stahlman ?

PETRA: Yes, yes - come on !

AND THEY FOLLOW HER QUICKLY OUT OF THE OFFICE AND INTO CENTRAL CONTROL.

CUT TO:

9. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

SUTTON IS OVER BY THE BLAST SHIELDS COVERING THE TUNNEL MOUTH. HE'S STARING, INCREDULOUSLY, AT A SMALL INTERCOM LOUDSPEAKER SET UP ON THE WALL. A SCREECHING CRACKLING SOUND IS COMING FROM IT, OBVIOUSLY BEING TRANSMITTED FROM INSIDE THE DRILL-HEAD AREA.

PETRA, LIZ, THE DOCTOR AND THE BRIGADIER RUSH OVER AND GATHER ROUND IT.

SUTTON: Listen !

BRIGADIER: Just that screeching noise...

PETRA: We heard the Professor's voice !

BRIGADIER: Impossible !

THEN, THROUGH THE SCREECHING SOUND, COMES STAHLMAN'S VOICE, MASSIVELY DISTORTED AND HARDLY RECOGNIZABLE.

STAHLMAN: (V.O. & DISTORT) ... Can - you - hear - me... Petra - push back the - shields... Let - us - out...

PETRA: It is him !

BRIGADIER: (TO THE DOCTOR) It isn't possible - is it ?

DR WHO: Unfortunately - ~~that's~~ it is.

STAHLMAN: (V.O. & DISTORT) Petra... Petra Williams... Can - you - hear - me... Pull back - the - screens... Let - us through..

SUTTON FLICKS A SWITCH ON AND OFF BESIDE THE SPEAKER.

SUTTON: We can't talk to him. The mike isn't working on our side.

PETRA: Do what he says - let him out of there, for pity's sake !

DR WHO: For pity's sake - don't !

PETRA: You can't ignore him. He's alive

BRIGADIER: He said 'us'. He may have those technicians with him.

DR WHO: (DOGGEDLY) Don't let him out.

SUTTON: But he's survived, Doctor ! He's lived through it.

PETRA: Maybe he's found an answer.

SUTTON: We must know.

PETRA STARTS STRAINING AT THE BLAST SHIELDS.

PETRA: Help me !

DR WHO: (DESPERATELY) Don't do it !

THE DOCTOR MOVES TOWARDS PETRA TO DRAG HER AWAY FROM THE SHIELDS. BUT THE BRIGADIER TAKES OUT HIS PISTOL AND POINTS IT AT HIM.

BRIGADIER: I'm sorry, Doctor - but there's at least one man alive behind those shields. We must do something to help.

LIZ: Brigadier, please listen to him..

BRIGADIER: If Stahlman has discovered something - then we need him out here !

DR WHO: I'm afraid you'll regret it.

SUTTON JOINS PETRA AT THE SHIELDS. THE BRIGADIER PUTS AWAY HIS PISTOL AND MOVES OVER TO HELP. LIZ AND THE DOCTOR WATCH.

LIZ: What are they going to find, Doctor ?

THE DOCTOR SHAKES HIS HEAD HOPELESSLY.

DR WHO: Nobody ever really listens.

ONE OF THE BLAST SHIELDS SLIDES BACK A LITTLE - JUST ENOUGH TO ALLOW ONE MAN TO SQUEEZE THROUGH THE GAP. EVEN SO THE SUDDEN GUST OF HEAT AND NOISE FROM THIS SMALL OPENING IS TREMENDOUS. SUTTON, PETRA AND THE BRIGADIER REEL BACK WITH THE FORCE OF IT.

AT FIRST NOTHING HAPPENS, EXCEPT FOR THE SCREECHING NOISE AND THE HEAT. THEN A TRICKLE OF THAT GHASTLY, GOOEY SUBSTANCE OOZES THROUGH, SEEMINGLY ABLE TO MOVE OF ITS OWN VOLITION. IT SPREADS OUT, SENDING RIVULETS TOWARDS THE FASCINATED GROUP.

THEN A FIGURE SLOWLY EMERGES THROUGH THE OPENING. IT IS STILL DRESSED IN A 'DISASTER' SUIT - BLACKENED AND SCORCHED - BUT STILL RECOGNIZABLE AS SUCH. THE VIZOR OF THE HEADGEAR IS CLOUDED OVER BY CONDENSATION AND IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE ANY FACE BEHIND IT. THE FIGURE WALKS THROUGH THE LIQUID AND SLOWLY INTO THE CONTROL AREA.

PETRA MOVES FORWARD.

PETRA: Professor...

DR WHO: (SHOUTS) Don't go near him!
Sutton, stop her!

SUTTON GRABS PETRA AND HOLDS HER.

PETRA: He may be hurt!

BUT THE FIGURE TURNS AND STARTS SHIFTING THE HEAVY SHIELDS ON ITS OWN, LIFTING THEM ALMOST EFFORTLESSLY.

SUTTON: What the devil is he doing?

HAVING ENLARGED THE OPENING, THE FIGURE MOVES BACK, STANDING STOCK STILL, WAITING.

PETRA: (SHOUTS) Professor Stahlman..

THE FIGURE TAKES NO NOTICE OF HER. FOR THE MOMENT IT IS LIKE A STATUE.

THEN THE 'SURVIVING TECHNICIANS' COME THROUGH... BUT THEY ARE TOTALLY UNRECOGNISEABLE AS SUCH. THESE ARE PRIMORDIAL, GHOSTLY MONSTERS. VAGUELY HUMANOID IN FORM, THEIR APPEARANCE IS APELIKE - NIGHTMARE CREATURES RESEMBLING SOME GROTESQUE 'MISSING LINK' TYPE HORROR. THEY CAN MOVE ONLY SLOWLY AND THE ONLY SOUND THEY CAN MAKE IS AN OCCASIONAL, TERRIFYING SHRIEK. THE ONLY PROOF THAT THEY WERE ONCE THE DRILL-HEAD TECHNICIANS ARE THE ATTER OF BURNT CLOTHING WHICH STILL HANG FROM THEIR HIDEOUS BODIES.

THEN THE FIGURE OF STAHLMAN SLOWLY RAISES ITS HEADGEAR - AND WE CAN SEE THAT HE HAS ALSO TURNED INTO A MONSTROUS PRIMEORD.

LIZ, PETRA, SUTTON, THE BRIGADIER AND THE DOCTOR BACK AWAY FROM THE PRIMEORDS. FOR A MOMENT THE CREATURES ARE SILENT AND MOTIONLESS.

DR WHO: (URGENTLY) Don't make any sudden movement - but try and keep away from that liquid. Don't let it touch you. That stuff is more dangerous than those creatures!

ANCE AGAIN THE BRIGADIER HAS DRAWN HIS ~~NEW~~ PISTOL.

DR WHO: Don't shoot, Brigadier. Don't antagonise them. Keep moving slowly back.

AND THEY CONTINUE TO BACK AWAY, STEP BY STEP.

CUT TO:

TK 3. Outside the Operational Building (II). Day.

The SERGEANT is getting a bit impatient. He signals to the men to stay where they are whilst he darts back into the Operational Building.

Cut back to:

10. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

THE SCENE EXACTLY AS IT WAS BEFORE, WITH LIZ, PETRA, SUTTON, THE BRIGADIER AND THE DOCTOR BACKING SLOWLY AWAY FROM THE CREATURES. THE PRIMEORDS REMAIN MOTIONLESS.

BRIGADIER: Why don't they attack ?

DR WHO: They're acclimatisting themselves.
They won't want to get too far away from the heat.

WE CUT AWAY TO A RIVULET OF THAT GOOEY SUBSTANCE AS IT OOZES ROUND, BEHIND THE GROUP, CUTTING OFF THEIR ESCAPE TO THE MAIN EXIT. FORTUNATELY SUTTON SPOTS THE DANGER.

SUTTON: That liquid - it's round, behind us! We can't get to the main exit!

DR WHO: Move towards the Brigadier's office.

ONE OF THE CREATURES TURNS ITS HEAD SLOWLY AND LOOKS BEYOND THE GROUP TO THE DOOR OF THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE, AS THOUGH READING THEIR PLAN.

BRIGADIER: They're going to move!

DR WHO: Not yet. Not if we don't disturb them. It's still not quite hot enough for them in here.

BUT THEN THE SERGEANT COMES BURSTING IN. HE STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS AS HE SIGHS THE PRIMEORDS.

BRIGADIER: Sergeant, don't move...

BUT IT'S TOO LATE. THE SERGEANT GETS OVER HIS INITIAL SHOCK AND RAISES HIS RIFLE (OR AUTOMATIC WEAPON) TO HIS SHOULDER - AND STARTS FIRING AT THE CREATURES.

ONE OF THEM REELS BACK AS A BULLET HITS HIM. THE OTHER PRIMEORDS SCREECH IN FURY - AND ALL BEGIN TO MOVE TOWARDS THE SERGEANT.

BRIGADIER: (SHOUTS) Get out, Sergeant! Get back!

BUT THAT RIVULET OF LIQUID IS LAPPING ABOUT THE SERGEANT'S BOOTS. EDDIES OF SMOKE BEGIN TO RISE. HE LOOKS DOWN, DROPS HIS RIFLE AND YELLS WITH PAIN. SLOWLY HE SINKS TO HIS KNEES AND DOWN INTO THE STUFF. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY WE WITNESS A METAMORPHOSIS AS THE SERGEANT BEGINS TO TURN INTO A PRIMEORD. HIS HANDS TURN INTO CLAWS AND HIS FACE INTO A GHASTLY PRIMORDIAL MASK. SUTTON AND THE OTHERS WATCH, HORRIFIED.

THE OTHER PRIMEORDS STOP AND WAIT.

DR WHO: Come on, get into the office!

BUT THE OTHERS ARE ROOTED TO THE SPOT, FASCINATED BY THE SIGHT OF THE SERGEANT'S METAMORPHOSIS.

FINALLY THE SERGEANT HAS BECOME A COMPLETE PRIMEORD. SLOWLY HE RISES TO HIS FEET AND MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD THE OTHERS.

DR WHO: Come on! Move - all of you!

THEY SNAP OUT OF IT. THE BRIGADIER FIRES AT THE LEADING PRIMEORD. IT SHRIEKS AS THE BULLET HITS IT. IT FALTERS - BUT DOESN'T FALL. THE BRIGADIER PULLS THE TRIGGER AGAIN - BUT HIS PISTOL IS EMPTY. BEHIND HIM THE OTHERS HAVE RUSHED INTO THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE. HE TURNS AND FOLLOWS THEM IN.

CUT TO:

11. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (D). SAME TIME

AS THEY ALL COME RUSHING IN. ONCE THE BRIGADIER'S INSIDE HE SLAMS SHUT THE DOOR AND BOLTS IT.

IN THE MEANTIME THE DOCTOR HAS GONE TO THE OTHER DOOR AT THE FAR END OF THE OFFICE. HE TUGS FURIOUSLY AT THE HANDLE. SUTTON COMES OVER TO HELP HIM.

BRIGADIER: What's the matter with that door

DR WHO: Jammed. Warped by the heat, I should imagine.

BRIGADIER: Oh, no!

DR WHO: Better barricade that one - until we can get it open. I've a horrible feeling our friends will come knocking soon.

SUTTON, THE GIRLS AND THE BRIGADIER PILE EVERY AVAILABLE PIECE OF FURNITURE IN FRONT OF THE DOOR LEADING TO CENTRAL CONTROL.

CUT TO:

12. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (D). SAME TIME.

IN CENTRAL CONTROL A COUPLE OF THE PRIMEORDS HAVE GONE ON A RAMPAGE. SHRIEKING THEIR FURY, THEY POUND AT THE ELECTRONIC PANELS, SMASHING THEM TO BITS. AS THEY DO THIS SOME OF THE MAIN LIGHTS IN CENTRAL CONTROL GO OUT, LEAVING THE PLACE IN GLOOM.

ANOTHER PRIMEORD (PROBABLY EX-STAHLMAN) MOVES SLOWLY TOWARDS THE DOOR OF THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

13. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II), SAME TIME

WHILST THE OTHERS ARE STILL PILING WHAT LITTLE FURNITURE THERE IS IN FRONT OF THE DOOR, THE DOCTOR CONTINUES HIS ASSAULT ON THE OTHER DOOR. FINALLY, HE GIVES UP.

DR WHO: It's no good. We'll need a battering ram to get that open.

THE OTHERS COME AWAY FROM THEIR MEAGRE BARRICADE. THE BRIGADIER OPENS A DRAWER IN HIS DESK AND RELOADS HIS PISTOL FROM A PACKET OF BULLETS IN THERE.

PETRA: That means we're trapped.

LIZ: What about the window?

BRIGADIER: Armour plated glass. Tougher than the door.

SUTTON: Well, at least if we can't get out - they can't get in.

DR WHO: I wouldn't bet on that.

LIZ: They seem to have phenomenal strength. Did you see the way Stahl... that creature moved the blast shield?

BRIGADIER: Well, they're not attacking yet.

SUTTON: If that temperature climbs any higher - they won't have to attack. We'll just shrivel up in here.

DR WHO: Trouble is, the hotter it gets, the stronger they'll get. They thrive on the heat. It's their natural element.

SUTTON: One day, Doctor, you'll give us some good news.

PETRA: The Sergeant... it was horrible.
Horrible!

LIZ: We can't just sit here and wait for the end. We've got a job to do.

SUTTON: Job?

LIZ: We must get the Doctor to his machine. He's got to get back to that other dimension. He's got to warn those other people.

THE BRIGADIER NODS.

SUTTON: So you go along with that story, too, huh?

LIZ: Yes, I do. There are things beyond our imagination. We've seen proof of that out there. Why shouldn't there be another world running parallel to ours? If we can't save ourselves - perhaps we can save them.

DR WHO: That's very kind of you, my dear - but I'm afraid, at present, we're rather pushed for resources, aren't we?

LIZ: You'll think of something.

DR WHO: (FROWNS) Will I?

SUTTON: We've just got to get that other door open.

BRIGADIER: With what?

DR WHO: No, I'm sorry - but you'll have to forget about that door. It's expanded far too much.

SUTTON: And it's getting too hot to think in here.

THE BRIGADIER GOES OVER TO INSPECT THE WINDOW.

BRIGADIER: If we could get this window out...

PETRA: Can't we?

BRIGADIER: The frame's set in concrete. Hopeless.

HE MOVES AWAY AND SWITCHES ON THE RADIO, BUT THERE'S NOTHING BUT WILD STATIC COMING FROM IT. HE SWITCHES IT OFF AGAIN.

BRIGADIER: There must be something we can do.

THE DOCTOR HAS MOVED AWAY FROM THE GROUP. HE SQUATS DOWN IN A CORNER AND CUPS HIS CHIN IN HIS HANDS. HE CLOSES HIS EYES. HIS WHOLE EXPRESSION IS ONE OF DEEP CONCENTRATION.

SUTTON: (TO THE DOCTOR) How does that machine of yours work?

LIZ: Leave him alone. He's thinking.

SUTTON: (SHRUGS) I was just wondering...

LIZ: The answer is - no.

SUTTON: What ?

LIZ: It doesn't take passengers.

SUTTON: Well, it just crossed my mind.

AND HE MOVES OVER TO PETRA.

CUT TO:

14. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

IN THE GLOOM OF CENTRAL CONTROL THE PRIMEBORDS HAVE STOPPED THEIR RAMPAGE AND STAND MOTIONLESS AGAIN.

ONLY THE ONE BY THE OFFICE DOOR MOVES AS HE STRETCHES OUT A HAND AND TOUCHES THE SURFACE, AS THOUGH TESTING THE STRENGTH OF IT.

THEN ANOTHER OF THE PRIMEBORDS BEGINS TO MOVE SLOWLY TOWARDS THE OFFICE DOOR.

CUT TO:

15. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II). SAME TIME

THE DOCTOR IN EXACTLY THE SAME PLACE AND ATTITUDE.

PETRA HAS MOVED OVER TO THE WINDOW AND IS GAZING OUT. SUTTON IS WITH HER.

SUTTON: (QUIETLY) A penny for em.

PETRA: I was thinking of Professor Stahlman. How could such a brilliant brain be so wrong ?

SUTTON: It was just as much our fault, Petra. No one dared to question him - or his theories.

PETRA: I wonder if they're any different where he comes from ?

AND SHE LOOKS OVER TO THE DOCTOR.

SUTTON: Probably not.

THE BRIGADIER IS CHECKING OVER HIS PISTOL. LIZ STANDS LOOKING AT THE DOCTOR.

CUT TO:

16. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (D), SAME TIME.

THE PRIMEORD IS STILL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, BUT IS NOW JOINED BY ANOTHER.

SLOWLY THE FIRST PRIMEORD RAISES HIS MASSIVE ARM, PREPARATORY TO STRIKING THE DOOR TO THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

17. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (D), SAME TIME

SUDDENLY THERE IS A SHATTERING BLOW ON THE OFFICE DOOR. THE FURNITURE BARRICADE TOPPLES UNDER THE IMPACT. SUTTON AND THE BRIGADIER RUSH TO THE DOOR AND PUT THEIR WEIGHT AGAINST IT. BUT THE IMPACT OF A SECOND BLOW FLINGS THEM BACK. IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THE STEEL DOOR ISN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO STAND UP AGAINST THE ON-SLAUGHT.

WE CUT AWAY TO A C.U. ON THE DOCTOR'S FACE. HE REMAINS EXACTLY AS HE WAS - EXCEPT THAT ONE STARTLED EYE OPENS IN ALARM - AS ANOTHER BLOW STRIKES THE DOOR, BUCKLING IT A LITTLE.

FADE.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.